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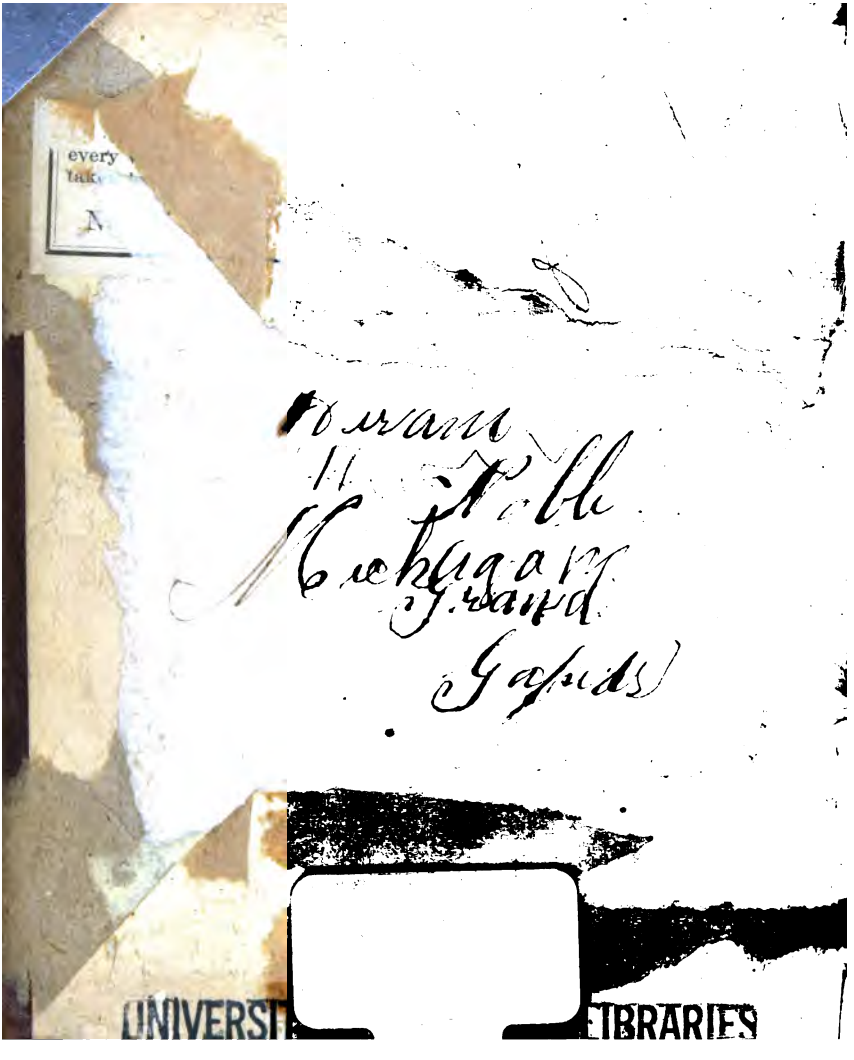
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Hiram S.

Mop saves Hal's life.—P. 42.

Barrow, Frances (Mease) Eighth

THE THIRD

LITTLE PET BOOK,

WITH THE TALE OF

MOP AND FRISK.

BY

AUNT FANNY,

Author of "Night Caps," "Mittens," "Christmas Stories," "Wife's Stratagem," etc., etc.

"I LOVE GOD AND LITTLE CHILDREN."—Rosetta.

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THIS TALE

OF

MOP AND FRISK

I DEDICATE TO MY LITTLE FRIEND

HOWARD,

WHO LIVES ON MURRAY HILL AVENUE.

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MOP AND FRISK;

OR,

THE TWO DOGS.

IN WORDS OF FIVE LETTERS AND LESS.

MOP AND FRISK.

PART I.

THE DOGS LEAVE HOME.

IN a small town by the side of a lake, there once lived two dogs named Mop and Frisk.

Frisk was a pert black and tan dog, with a tail that stood bolt up in the air, and a pair of ears to match; while Mop was a poor old cur, with a head like a worn-out hair-broom; ears like bell-pulls; a mouth that went from ear to ear, and a great bush of a tail. Then he had to drag the cart of an old rag-man

round the town, to earn his meals; while Frisk, who lived with a pie-man, had a fine ride in the cart each morn; and all the work he had to do was to bark at the bad boys who tried to steal the pies. The rest of his time he spent in play.

One day the old rag-man, who was as cross as ten bears,

and far too fond of beer, came out of a shop where he had been to drink, while poor Mop had to wait in the cold. The rag-man's legs went from side to side; he could not walk; so he got in the cart, on top of all the rags, and cried to Mop:

"Come, go on, you bad cur, or I'll make you!" and

with these words, he let fall a great stick on the back of the poor dog, and gave him a kick with his thick hob-nail shoes. Mop tried to start, but it was more than he could drag. Down came the stick once more; and this time, made quite wild with pain, he gave one yelp and one jump, broke the old ropes that held

him to the cart by a great jerk, and made off down the road like a flash. The bad old man did bawl to him to come back; but Mop was too wise for that, and did not stop to see if the wind was west or not, till he came to a part of the town which was quite new to him.

The place where our dog

now found him-self was a sort of blind court, with the blank wall of a house on each side, and, worse than all, with not the sign of a thing to eat to be seen.

"A fly to snap at would be a good thing," said the poor dog with a sigh. "I think I could eat a bit of brick, if I could get one up. But cheer

up! it will all come right in time! I'm *free* at least—that is one good thing!" and he gave three jumps and three barks for joy, so loud that they most took the top of his head off.

Just then there came up, at a smart pace, Frisk the pie-man's dog. He held his head in the air as proud as you

like. When he saw Mop, he tried to turn up his nose at him, but it was so flat, there was no turn up to it. Then he gave a loud sniff, and said with an air:

"Who are you? Where did *you* come from?"

"I am as good a dog as you," said Mop. "My coat is not quite so fine to be sure,

and my ears don't stick up so much; but I'm a nice sort of chap for all that. Shake a paw."

"What! shake a paw with such an old flop-ear as you? You must be mad."

Mop did want to say, "You are a pert, stuck-up cur," but he was too well-bred; so he made a bow, and put his paw

on his heart, and said: "I meant no wrong; but I took you for Frisk, the pie-man's dog."

"Well, so I am — or so I was, I mean, till last week; but, you see, the trade was too low for a dog of my style — with such ears and such a long tail. I was not made to bark out of the back of a

pie-cart at all the rag-tags in town; so I have cut the pie-man, and mean to try high life in some big house. My own aunt lives with a judge; and it will be odd if some rich man does not like my looks, and take me home with him. But I must be off; it would not do to be seen with you, if I hope to rise in the

world. A good time to you, my boy. He! he! you are such a beau, you can't fail to cut a dash. G-o-o-d day!"

"Stop a bit!" cried Mop, as Frisk ran off. "You don't think much of me *now* I see, but time may show me to be the best dog yet. What if we were each to try to find a new place, and meet here in a

month from now, to tell what has past in the mean time? Don't you think that would be a nice plan?"

"Oh! I'll do so if you wish!" said Frisk; "but don't ask me to bow when we meet, I beg; it won't *do*, you know."

"Shake a paw then," said Mop.

Frisk, very loth, put the tip

of one claw on Mop's paw. Then the two dogs stood back to back, and, with a one! two!! three!!! off they went as if a mad bull was at their heels.

PART II.

THE DOGS MEET ONCE MORE.

ON the last day of the month, Mop and Frisk, true to their word, came to the place where they last said good-by.

But how each one did look to see if his mate were the same dog he last saw!

Mop's coat was rough no more — it shone like silk; his ears were cut; he wore a fine brass neck ring, with a new name on it; and his whole air was that of a dog in luck.

Poor Frisk was so thin that you could count all his ribs.

His tail stood up in the air no more. He hung his head and crept close by the wall, as if he did fear some one would beat him if he dared to run or jump.

Good Mop did not look on him with scorn when he saw him in this sad way; but ran up to him on three legs, with one paw held out for "How

d'ye do," and his great fly-brush of a tail a-wag for joy.

"Why, Frisk, old dog!" he cried, "how glad I am to see you! How have you been this long time?"

"O Mop!" said Frisk in a sad tone, "will you speak to me now I am so poor? It is I who am not fit to be seen this time."

"Frisk, my good dog," said Mop in a grave tone, "*real* worth is not a thing of looks. Let me tell you that if I knew you to steal a bone, you would lose my good-will in truth. But I do not look down on dogs if they are poor and good. Come home with me; we can talk more at our ease in my nice house,

where you will find some first-rate bones, if you would like them."

"O yes! I guess I would!" cried Frisk.

So the dogs set off on a trot by the side of a fine lake, on the banks of which the town was built. They soon came to a large house, with a court-yard in front, tall green

rails all round, and a great gate by which to go in. There was a small gate near the large one, the latch of which Mop could lift with his nose, for Frisk and him-self to pass; and then the dogs ran round to the back of the house. On one side of the yard Frisk saw a fine dog-house, fit for the king, with a roof that ran

to a peak, a porch in front, and a dove-cote on a pole on top. In-side there was a heap of clean, warm hay, and on a blue plate were some nice bones.

"There!" said Mop, "don't you call that prime? Help your-self to the bones, Frisk; I can get lots more."

Frisk did not wait to be

asked twice, but fell to, and soon made way with the legs of a fowl. When these were gone, kind Mop ran to the house and got a beef-bone for him. Poor Frisk ate as if he was not used to such fine fare, and the good dog Mop, who gave up his own meal to feed Frisk, felt as glad as if he had had it all him-self.

When Frisk had made an end of the bones, he and Mop laid down in the dog-house; and as Frisk had asked him to do so, Mop told his tale, as you shall hear.

But first he asked Frisk to rise, so he could put more of the soft hay on his side. "Do you feel quite warm?" he asked.

"O yes! thank you, dear Mop," said Frisk; "as warm as a toast. You will make me cry, if you are so kind to me. When you were poor, I was a cross dog to you. Oh! I can not bear to think how bad I was;" and a great big tear came out of each of Frisk's eyes, and ran off at the end of his nose.

"Oh! that is all gone. We will be kind old dogs now, and do all the good we can in the world. And now here goes for the grand tale of all my joys and woes since I saw you."

MOP'S TALE.

"You know, Frisk, that when we left the court, you chose to go in the town, and

I by the lake. I felt sad to think I had no one to care for me in the world. But my watch-word is, 'Don't give it up!' and I could not think that all would leave me to want a bone. So I laid down by the road-side, in hopes to see some one who would take care of me.

"First, I saw a man on a

fine horse; and as he had no dog, I said to my-self, 'Who knows but what he wants one to keep the flies from his horse's legs!' So I ran by him a short way, when—would you dream the man could be so bad?—he gave me a cut with his whip, that made me hop and yelp for pain. 'Serve you right for a vile cur!' he

said with a loud laugh, and on he rode.

"Next came a blind man; but he had a dog to lead him. The blind man's hat was laid on the ground, and when a cent was put in it, the dog gave one bark; when two cents were put in, he gave two barks, and so on. So, you see, there was no room

"There was no room for me, and I had to trot on."—P. 88
Third Little Pet Book.

for me there, and I had to trot on.

"At last I saw a small boy and girl trip down the road, hand in hand, with their nurse close by them. They wore such fine coats and hats, that it was plain they were rich; but when the boy put his small hand on my head, and said, 'Good dog,' and the

girl did the same, I knew they must be kind too.

"So I ran by them, in hopes they would speak to me once more.

"There were some wild rose-buds on the bank of the lake, and when the girl saw them she cried: 'O Hal! just see those sweet rose-buds! How nice they look! They

have just come out! Won't you pick me a few?'

"'Yes, dear May,' said the boy; and he let go her hand and ran to where the rose-buds grew.

"'Don't go there, dear child,' cried nurse; 'you may fall in the lake.'

"'No I won't! I'll take care,' cried Hal; and as he

spoke he bent way down the bank. O me! the earth gave way, his foot did slip, and ere the nurse could run to his aid, the poor child fell, with a loud cry, in the lake.

"There was no time to be lost; and, more glad than I can say, that I was on the spot, I leapt in the lake, swam to the side of the child, and

in as short a time as it takes to tell, I had his coat in my teeth, and got him safe to shore.

"The nurse took her dear boy in her arms and cried for joy; and May was so glad that she put her arms round my wet head, and gave me a long hug.

"'We must take the good

dog home with us, Miss May,' said nurse, 'and tell your pa-pa what he has done for Hal. And now let me wrap my shawl round you, Hal, and then we must all run home as fast as we can, for fear you may take cold.'

"We were soon at this house, where Mr. and Mrs. Grey, the pa-pa and mam-ma

of Hal and May, live; and nurse soon told them how I had saved the life of their dear son.

"You may think how great was my joy to have them call me, 'Good dog! brave dog! the best dog in the world!' and give me a hug and say I must live with them from that time.

"So Mr. Grey sent me out with Hal to the yard; and he got Jim, the groom, to wash and trim me, while May ran to ask the cook for some meat to feed me. The dear child did wish so much to make me glad, that she tied her own white bib round my neck to keep me neat while I ate, and fed me with her own hand;

"She fed me with her own hand."—P. 46.

while Hal, and a wee bit of a girl, who came to see them, did look on.

"It was not quite as much to my taste as hers to be fed; but she was so full of the fun of it, that I would not for the world have made one growl.

"Next day their pa-pa got me this nice house, and Hal put round my neck the brass

ring you see me wear; which they say has on it: 'To Dash, the good dog, from Hal and May.'"

When Mop, or Dash, as we must now call him, had come to an end, Frisk drew a deep sigh, and said: "Well, Dash, as that is your name, if I had been as good as you, I might be as well off by this time;

but I think, when you hear what a sad life I have led for the past month, you will say I am well paid for my fine airs to you. So now to my tale."

FRISK'S TALE.

"I made haste to the best part of the town, when I left you and the court, and, late in the day, found my-self in

a fine place. Near the best house was a group of three small boys; they were at play with some small, round, smooth stones; and when one stone hit the next, a boy could cry out: 'That is mine!'

"Well, for my sins, I came to a halt just in front of these boys.

"'Oh! oh! look at that

"Near the best house was a group of three small boys."—P. 50
Third Little Pet Book.

nice dog!' cried one whose name I found was Bob. 'I guess he is lost. I mean to have him for my dog.'

"'No, you shall not,' said Ned, the next in size. 'He shall be my dog.'

"'No, he shall be mine,' said Sam. 'I want him! I *will* have him!' and on that they all tore up the steps of

the house, and burst in-to a room where their mam-ma was, with:

"'Ma, I want the dog!'

"'Ma, give me the dog!'

"'No, no, no, ma! — me! me! me!'

"'O dear! what a noise!' said their mam-ma. 'Do be still. If you want the dog, take him; but don't whine,

or go on as if you all had the tooth-ache.'

"All this time I was such a gump, I sat quite still; but when I saw the boys come out and rush at me with rude words, I said to my-self, 'Come on, Frisk; I do not think it will do to get a new place here.' So I made up my mind to take to my heels:

when, O my dog-star! down came a great bat on my head, and the three boys fell on me all at once; grab'd me by the ears, tail, and one leg, at the same time, and would have torn me to bits, I am sure, if their mam-ma had not come and made Bob and Ned let go.

"I was put in the front

room then, in a whole skin, and here, in spite of all he could do, I broke from Sam and hid my-self at the back of a couch that stood by the fire-place.

"'Now what's to be done?' said Sam.

"'Let's hunt him out with sticks,' said Ned.

"'Good! come on!' cried

Bob and Sam; and with-out more words, Bob armed himself with the broom, and Ned and Sam got canes, as if they were in chase of some wild beast, and all flew, with a loud whoop! to bang poor me out of my strong-hold.

"I don't know what would have been my fate, if I had not hit on what to do just in

time. The sides and front of the couch, by good luck, came down past the seat, and bands of broad tape, were put from side to side, to keep the white slip in its place. I gave a jump, made out to land on the tapes, and sat on them in great fear lest they might give way.

"It was well I did so; for

the boys made their sticks fly from side to side at such a rate, that the first blow would have been the death of me. This game went on for some time, till they were quite at a loss to know why I did not come out or make a cry.

"'Why where *can* he be?' cried Sam. 'Look and see, quick!'

"Ned went down on his knees—'Why he's gone!' he said with a gasp.

"'O the b-a-a-d thing!' cried Sam. 'Ma! ma! our dog's lost! Boo! hoo! hoo!' and to my great joy, all three left the room to treat their dear 'ma' to a howl. Oh! how I *did* long to snap at their legs.

"By this time so much fluff and dust had got up my nose in my close nook, that I was fit to choke; and as the boys were gone, I dared to come out. There was a large arm-chair close by, with a deep, soft seat that was just to my taste. I hopt in, laid down, and was soon in a fine nap.

"Think, then, what was my

state of mind to wake up with a yell and a land-slide on top of me! Up flew a fat old dame from the arm-chair, where she had just sat down, as if she was shot! Bang! came a great gilt book, that she let fall in her start, right on the end of my poor tail, as I leapt to the floor! 'E-e-e!' went she; 'yi! yi! yi!' went

I; and 'Hur-ra! here's the dog!' cried Ned, as he came bang in at the door, caught me by one ear, and ran up to the top floor with me in wild joy; which put the last touch to my woes!

"Once in their play-room, the bad boys made me drag a toy-cart full of dirt, ran straws in-to my ears, beat me

with sharp sticks, and shot peas at me out of a pop-gun. They kept up these nice plays till tea-time; when they were so kind as to let me go, and treat me to a few old scraps of cold meat for my share of the meal.

"When tea was done, their mam-ma bid them go right to work and learn their tasks;

and, with pouts and whines from all three, they sat down. As soon as their mam-ma left the room, Ned took out of his desk a mouse-trap, with a poor wee mouse in it, all in a shake of fear, and cried: 'Here, Sam, just see what I've got! An't that gay?'

"'What? what? let me look!' cried Bob, who had

"Ned took from his desk a mouse-trap."—P. 64.

sat till now with his legs spread out, and a book before him up-side down.

"'No, you shan't. Go 'way!' said Ned, in a whine.

"'I will! I will!' Bob did bawl; and as he spoke he did jump up and give Ned's hair a great pull! Then Sam gave Bob a punch, and the three boys did fight and kick each

other at a fine rate; in the midst of which pow-wow I left the room, and ran off down the back stair.

"Here the maids were more kind to me than the boys; for cook made me a nice soft bed in a box, and gave me some bones to pick; while Jane, the maid, took me in her lap, and let me

sleep there, snug and warm, till she went to bed.

"But you could no more guess what the next day had in store for me, than you could say how deep the sea is; so I will tell you.

"Just as Jane came in with the tea-tray, and cook had got a tin pan to pour me out some milk, down came

those vile boys full tilt, to grab hold of me once more. The kind cook asked them to let me be, till I had had my milk; but she might as well have asked the wind not to blow; and with Bob to hold me, and Ned and Sam to mount guard on each side, they made haste once more to the play-room.

"When they had me safe, and the door shut, Bob cried in great glee: 'Now, boys, I tell you what we'll do: let's play our dog was a slave, that we had caught just as he was on the point to run off. We will tie him by the fore paws and flog him well.'

"Oh! oh! how I felt when I heard these words! My

hair stood on end with fear. I threw my-self on the floor, and cried for help. Ah me! no help came. One would think they might have felt for a poor dog that could not help it-self. But no; they were with-out heart.

"Bob found a cord, and tied my feet to a large nail in the wall. Ned and Sam

did each fetch the strap that they had round their task-books, and then these bad boys beat me till I felt as if I must die.

"At last they heard their mam-ma call from her room, 'Boys, boys, come right to your tasks—it is past nine o'clock;' for she did teach them her-self I found out.

At the sound of her voice, they left off, and ran to the door to beg for a short time more.

"Now was my time at last. I freed my paws by a great jerk, shot past Sam's legs, flew down the stair, and out of the house; for by great good luck, Jane had just gone to the door to let in the post-

man. I am glad to say I sent Sam too down the stair like a shot, with a boot-jack and a pair of tongs, which Ned and Bob threw, and which were meant for me, at his heels. This made up, in part, for the pain he had put me to. But, oh! how sore and lame I was! I sank on the earth when I was clear out

of sight, and felt as if my death was near. If it had not been for what next took place, my end would have come that day; but as I lay there all in a shake, I heard a child's voice say: 'O dear Fred! here is such a poor dog! Just see! he looks half dead! Let us stop and pat him!'

"'Dear me! Poor toad!' cried Fred. 'Where could he have come from? Pat him well; don't fear.'

"Her soft hand on my head made me raise my eyes, and I saw a boy and girl of nine and ten years old. They did not seem to be rich, but they were just as neat and nice as two pins, and their

kind looks and words made me feel sure they were good.

"'Poor dog! I fear he wants food,' went on Nell. 'I mean to give him a bit to eat, Fred.'

"'Let me feed him too!' cried the boy. 'Here, take my knife and cut some bread for him.'

"Nell took a loaf from the

bag on her arm, and with Fred's knife cut off a good thick slice. She gave half to him, and they broke it in bits and fed me by turns.

"'You dear pet,' said Nell, with a sigh, 'how I wish I could take you with me! But we are too poor; it can not be.'

"'Oh! don't you think

mam-ma would let us have him ?' cried Fred.

"'No, dear,' said Nell; 'we must not think of it. Come, bid the dog good-by, and let us make haste home.'

"I could but lick her hand to thank her for the food, and as I could rise now, I felt that it was best to run on.

"'Good-by, you dear dog-

"Good-by, dear doggy!"—P. 78.

gy!' cried both; and they did stand and watch me till I was out of their sight. Oh! how I did wish I could go home with them!

"Just as I did turn round the end of the street, I heard an odd sound ——"

Here Frisk rose in haste and said: "But I dare not stay, dear Dash; I ought now

to be at home. Some day when I can get out, I will come and tell you the rest of my sad tale, for the worst part is yet to come."

"But where must you go, Frisk?" said Dash.

"Why, to the show, where I play," said Frisk.

"You play! Can you act?" cried Dash.

"Yes! come out-side. Now, just see here!" and while Dash did stare at him, with his mouth and eyes so wide open that you would not think he could close them at all, Frisk stood on his hind legs, and went thro' a jig, with a look on his face as if he had lost his last hope; then fell down on the grass, stiff and

stark, as if he had been shot; got up, made a low bow, and then went lame on three legs.

"Dear me!" cried Dash, "how smart you are! Where *did* you learn all that?"

"It would take a long time to tell," said Frisk. "If I can, I will come and see you next week, and you shall then hear all. Now, good-by."

"Here, take this nice sweet bone with you," cried Dash. "Good-by, old chap. I hope I shall see you soon;" and the good dog went back to his house, full of Frisk's tale. He tried so hard to think of a way to do him some good, that he got quite a bald spot on the top of his head, and at last laid down with his

nose in his paws, to sleep on it, and dream of bones without end; for, you know, he gave up his own to feed one worse off than him-self. Good Dash! I hope each dear girl and boy who reads this will try to be like him, for that is the way to be loved by all.

PART III.

DASH SEES A PLAY.

THE same eve, when Mr. Grey came home, he said in a sly way: "I see there is a show of dogs, who dance and act a play, in town; but Hal and

May do not care to see them, I know."

"O yes! yes! we want to go!" cried both at once. "Do take us to see them, pa-pa."

"Well, get your hats then," said Mr. Grey, "and we will go."

"Let's take Dash," said May. "He wants to see the dog-show too!"

Her pa-pa said, with a laugh, that he did not think Dash would care to see a play; but Hal and May did beg so hard, that at last he said they might take Dash if they chose.

So the two ran up the stair in high glee to their nurse, who put on May's round straw hat and silk sack, and got

her nice black mitts to put on her wee hands.

May said, "I want to put on my mitts my-self, nurse;" so nurse said she might do so, and went on to dress Hal.

But when May went to put the mitts on, she was in such haste, that she tried to get the right mitt on the left hand. The mitt would not go on, of

course, and she cried out: "Why, nurse, this is all wrong; it's got no thumb at all!"

How Hal and nurse did laugh when they saw what May had done! May had to laugh too, when nurse did show her that the mitts were quite right, if they were put on in the right way. They

had great fun. But their papa came to bid them make haste; so they told nurse good-by, and ran down the stair, hand in hand, as gay as two larks. Dash came to join them in the court-yard, and soon they were all four on their way to the show.

But, dear me! when the an at the door of the show

saw Dash, he said: "I can't let dogs in, sir."

Here was a blow! and May, with her sweet blue eyes quite sad, cried out: "But you will let our Dash in, Mr. Show-man, won't you? You don't know what a good dog he is; he saved Hal's life!"

Now when the show-man heard dear May say this, and

saw her sweet face and blue eyes raised to his, he could not help a smile, and said: "Well, for such a dear pet, I must say, yes. Dash may go in, but he must lie still and make no noise. One bark, and out he goes!"

"Oh! he will be as still as a deaf and dumb mouse!" cried Hal and May both at

once. So, to the great joy of all, Dash went in. Hal and May took their seats with their pa-pa on a long bench, in a large room full of gay folks, and Dash sat on the floor close by them.

There was a stage at one end of the room; a fall of green baize hung in front of it. In a short time a bell

went "ting-a-ling! ting-a-ling!" and up rose the baize. Then Dash saw a small house, with a grape-vine at the side and tall trees, which he took for real ones, but Mr. Grey said were wood and green paint. You could see a green field at the back of the stage, and high hills, while the blue sky was as clear as it was out of doors.

Mr. Grey had a bill with the names of the dogs that were to act on it, and Dash heard him read it to Hal and May.

The name of the play was:

THE DEATH OF POOR JACK,

THE RUN-A-WAY.

JACK, ... FRISK.
COL. GRAPE-SHOT, ... TRIP.
THE GUARD, . . . TRAY AND WASP.
JACK'S MAM-MA, ... FAN.
THE SEXTON, ... SNAP.
THE JUDGE, ... SHORT.

Dash, when he found Frisk was to act, scarce drew a breath for fear he should lose a bit of the play, and sat so still that not a hair moved.

First, in came two dogs on their hind-legs as the guard, in red coats and caps and blue pants. They had guns too; and they had such

an odd look with their own tails up in the air out-side their coat-tails, and their head held as stiff as ram-rods to keep their caps on, that all the folks burst out in a laugh.

Then the guard did peep round all the trees, and in all the holes they could find, on a hunt for Jack; and when

they did not find him, they shook their heads as if to say: "No one here! that's a fact!"

At last one of the guard went to rap at the door of the house. He gave such a hard knock, that he shook his cap down on one eye, and had to hold his head on one side, as if he had the tooth-

ache, so as to see at all. It made him feel so bad, that he went off in a pet to the back of the stage, and left the guard whose cap was all right to knock for him-self. This one was so short, that he had to make a jump and stand on tip-toe to do it.

Out came a dog in the dress of an old dame, who,

Mr. Grey said, was Jack's mam-ma. She wore a black gown, a white cap, and plaid shawl, and had a work-bag on her arm, or fore-leg, and a big pair of specs tied on her nose. When she saw the guard, she spread out her paws, and gave each a look in turn, as if to ask what they came there for.

The short guard made signs to her, to show they were on a hunt for a man who had left the camp with-out leave. The old dame shook her head at this, and put a paw on her heart, as if to say *she* hadn't heard of such a thing; but the one-eyed guard shook *his* head too, and did point thro' the door, as much as to say

that the man was in *there*, he was sure. Then the old dame shook her head once more, and spread her skirt to keep them out of the house; but the guard were too smart for that. They aimed their guns at the wall of the house, to shoot Jack if he was in-side; and when the old dame saw that, she moved from the

door-way, with a high squeak, and let them pass.

In they went full tilt, and the one-eyed guard, in his haste, quite lost sight of his part, let fall his gun, and ran off on all four legs! It pains me to tell that a sad yelp was heard in-side the house, as if he had got a box on the ear for this fault; and Dash could

not but think that to act was not such fine fun as you might take it to be.

Soon out came the guard, with Jack held fast by both fore-legs, and the old dame at their backs, who cried with all her might and main. The run-a-way, who was Frisk to be sure, wore a coat and cap like the guard, and made a

sad noise at his hard fate. He put his paw on his heart, and cast up his eyes as if to beg them to let him off; but they shook their heads. Then he held out both paws to his mam-ma, and she ran to him, put her paws round his neck, and did kiss him as well as she could. The guard gave him a pull to make him come.

Frisk did kiss his paw and wave his cap to his mam-ma, who fell down in a swoon; and then they all three did march off. And that was the end of Part One.

Just as the scene was to close, the old dame did lift up her head and fore-paws and look round. When she saw it was not time, she fell down

once more; so flat, that all the folks burst out in a laugh. I fear they would not have been so gay if they knew how the poor dog was beat by the show-man, when the play was done, for this small fault.

Next came a horn-pipe by a dog in a Scotch dress. He did it so well, that all the

folks did clap their hands, and want him to do it once more; but it was now time for Part Two of the play; and he ran off with a low bow.

When the baize was drawn up once more, the small house was gone, and a high desk was set on one side of the stage, with a bench in front for Col. Grape-shot. And at

the desk sat the judge who was to try Jack for his life. The dog who was judge wore a fine black silk gown, with white fur down the front; he had white bands at his neck, and a great white wig on top of his ears, which made him look droll, I can tell you.

And now, O dear! the deep roll of a drum was heard, and

in came, one by one, a sad set in-deed!

First did march the dog who beat the drum, and next to him Col. Grape-shot, in a grand blue and gold coat; a gold-laced hat, with red and white plumes; white pants, with a red stripe down each leg, and a sword by his side.

Then came the guard with

Jack, and, last of all, a dog with a long box in a hand-cart, which he drew. O dear! dear! this was to put poor Jack in when he was dead. The dog wore a black coat and an old red night-cap; and tied fast to one leg was a spade. He led the poor mam-ma by the paw, and once in a while tried to cheer

her up; for he would lift his leg and give her a kind pat on the back with the end of his spade. But I think this did more harm than good, for each time he did so she gave a short howl, and half fell down. But now the guard, with Jack and Col. Grape-shot, were in a row in front of the judge, who waved his

paw, and made a bow, as much as to say: "Go on."

Col. Grape-shot, on this, did first point to Jack, and then pat the bench he sat on, as much as to say he had bid him stay in the camp. Then he shut his eyes, and leant his head on his right paw, to show that he went to sleep, and then he made two or

three quick steps to the back of the stage, to let them know that Jack had run off while he slept. Then he shut his eyes once more, woke up with a start, flew to the guard, and, with a bark and a growl and a yap! yap! yap! let them know that Jack had cut off, and they must go and find him. Then he did point to

the guard and Jack, to tell the judge that the run-a-way was found; and at last he made a low bow, and spread out his paws, by which, I dare say, he meant that his part was at an end.

And now it was the turn of the judge, and he must say what was to be done to a man who was so bad as to run

out of camp in time of war. The judge cast up his eyes, and threw up his paws, as if it was a sad shock to him to hear that Jack had been so bad. Then he did point to the guns of the guard and to Jack, and did nod his head as if he would nod it off. It was too plain! Poor Jack must be shot!

His mam-ma, when she saw this, ran to the judge and fell on her knees; that is, she sat down on her hind-legs, with her paws held out, to beg him to let Jack off; but he shook his head "no." Then she did the same to Col. Grape-shot; but it was all of no use. Jack put his paws round her neck, and did kiss her good-by, at

which Hal and May cried quite hard, and then gave him-self up to the guard. They took him to the back of the stage, put a white cloth on his eyes, and made him kneel down. Then they stood in front of him, side by side, put up their guns, and, flash! bang!! off went two shots; and poor Jack fell dead on the stage!

"Flash! bang! off went two shots!"—P. 115.

Down popt his mam-ma once more in a swoon; while the guard took off the lid of the box, and put Jack in-side, who laid as stiff as a ram-rod. The dog who drew the hand-cart put on the lid, and went off first; then the Col. and judge, arm in arm; then the guard, who had to drag Jack's mam-ma by the arms, and

didn't seem to like it much; and last, the dog who beat the drum and who did bang a-way for dear life all the time.

But just as the folks were quite in tears for the fate of poor Jack, in came the dog with the hand-cart full tilt, and in a great scare; for the lid of the box was half off, and you could see one of

Jack's paws stuck out of a crack on top. All at once, off flew the lid, and out came Jack in a new dress, to dance a jig, and show that he had come to life once more, and was just as good as new.

Oh! how the folks did laugh at this, and clap their hands! while Jack went on to show all his queer tricks.

First, he held up both his legs on his right side, and took a walk with the two on his left side; then he leapt thro' a ring or hoop, that was let down from the top of the stage, and took a turn round in the air as he went; and, by way of a wind up, he stood on his head in the ring, and let him-self be drawn up out

of sight, as the green baize came down.

O dear! how much May and Hal liked all this, while Dash did not know how in the world Frisk could do it; and when all the boys and girls were as full as they could hold of the fun of the thing, Dash had as much as he could do to keep in a

howl of grief; for, you must know, the dog could tell by poor Frisk's face that all this was no fun to him.

And now the show was done, and it was time to go home.

As they went, May and Hal had a nice long talk. May said: "O dear Hal! how I wish we had a dog that

knew how to dance! What fun, when Sue and Kate Brown came, to have him show off!"

"Dear pa-pa, do buy one for us, won't you?" said Hal. "O my! buy that queer dog—what was his name?—the one that stood on two legs, and on the top of his head, and was shot—that one!"

When Dash heard Hal ask his pa-pa to buy Frisk, his heart went pit-a-pat, and he gave a short, glad bark, which meant, "O yes! *do* buy Frisk!"

"But," said pa-pa, "you know that Frisk acts 'Jack, the Run-a-way;' and what if I should buy him, and he should trot off the next day!

You know Dash could not have a red coat on, and run on his hind-legs to bring Frisk back; and what would you do then?"

Then Dash did wish with all his might that he could talk. "O dear!" he said to him-self; "I would give all my ears, and half my nose, if I could let them know that

Frisk would not run off;" and then, strange to say, his love and wish to help Frisk made him get up on his hind-legs, and put his fore-paws up in the air; and he gave such a droll whine, that May and Hal burst out in a laugh, and said, "Look, pa-pa! just look at Dash! He too begs you to buy Frisk!" and then they

both went and stood one on each side of the dog, put their hands up, and made such a queer whine just like him, that it was the best fun in the world to see and hear them.

"But," said pa-pa, "if the show-man will sell him to me, do you not know it would be wrong to make the poor dog keep up his tricks?"

"Wrong! why how, pa-pa?"

"Well, my dears, it seems too sad a thing to tell you, but it is too true. The show-man has to beat his dogs, and starve them, to get them to learn the tricks that made you laugh so much. You saw how thin they were, and you heard them cry out, when they left the stage. If they

made the least slip or mistake, they got a hard blow for it. In this way they find out that they must do all their tricks quite right, or they will have the whip laid on their poor thin sides and heads; and so not a day goes by that the dogs are not starved and made to feel the whip.

"Oh! oh!" cried Hal and

May, "we did not know that. *We* would not beat or starve a dog, or a cat, or a worm. What a bad show-man! We would like to beat *him*."

"Oh! I hope not," said papa. "The show-man may not think that dogs feel as much as we do. But I know you will be kind to all. I know you would not strike Dash,

if he, by chance, broke one of your toys or hurt you in play."

"O no! in-deed," they both cried; and they ran up to the dog, and gave him a good hug, and a kiss on the top of his head.

You may be sure that Dash had not lost one word of all this talk; and he was still

more sad when he knew how much poor Frisk had to bear. He made up his mind to tell Frisk to run off, and come to him. "I will hide him in my house till the show-man goes," he said to him-self. "I saw a great ham-bone on the shelf to-day. I know it will fall to my share, and, oh! won't it be good! I will give this to

Frisk, and eat bits of bread. Yes, I will save up all the nice bones for him. Was he not a good dog?

But a whole week went by, and no Frisk. The ham-bone got quite dry; and Dash was sure poor Frisk must be ill or dead.

At last one day, when Dash had lost all hope, he heard the

pit-a-pat of four small feet in the yard. He had just gone in his house to take a short nap; but, I can tell you, he made but one jump out, for there was Frisk, on all fours, to be sure, but with his blue pants on his hind-legs, his red coat on his fore-legs, with the coat-tails, one on each side of his own tail, which

was up in the air in an arch of joy, for here he was a real, true run-a-way.

Dash flew to meet him. "Why, Frisk!" he cried; "make haste — fast — come — get right in my house. Don't mind if you tear those old coat-tails with the thorn-bush. There! that's the thing! — here you are, all safe!

Now tell me, how *did* you get off?"

Frisk had run so fast that he could not speak; he could just pant, and lay his head on Dash's, with a look full of love. At last he said: "O Dash! I have run off in the midst of the play — the show-man struck me so hard for what I could not help—for

my cap fell off — and I did think I must die with the pain. O Dash! if you knew what I have gone thro', your heart would break, and you would say, I did right to run a-way." The big tears ran down his nose, and his sobs did seem as if they would choke him; and Dash gave such a long howl of woe,

that it makes me cry as I write these words, and I am quite sure you will cry as you read them.

Then Dash got out all his best bones to feed poor Frisk, who ate as if he had not seen a bone an inch long in a month.

When he had done, Dash said: "Now, dear Frisk, if

you feel like it, tell me all you have gone thro'."

So they sat down, and while the tears ran down Dash's nose, Frisk told the rest of his sad tale.

PART IV.

THE CONCLUSION OF FRISK'S TALE.

YOU will bear in mind, Dash, that I left off where the good child fed me with bread. Well, this made me strong, and I went on my way. Soon I heard a sound, like that of a

flute or fife; it was quite near, but I could see no one. All at once, a great mob of boys and men came down the road, and made a crowd close by me. I went in the midst of them to find out what it all meant. Dear me! it was some-thing queer to be sure. There was a man with a big drum fast to his back, which

he beat with a drum-stick tied to one of his feet. In the front of his coat was a set of Pan's pipes, out of which he blew the tune the old cow died of. In his left hand he held a whip, while in his right was a cord, which led three dogs. The first one was an old dog, with bow-legs, who when the crowd did stop, got

up on his hind-legs, and gave a look round at the two behind, who stood right up on their hind-legs, all in a grave, glum way. One of these was in the dress of a girl. She had on a large round hat, full of big red bows. The hat was so big, and shook so much, that it did seem as if her head, hat, and all, would

drop off, if it got a hard knock.

"The dog with the bow-legs wore a blue coat, a flat hat with a broad brim, and such a high shirt col-lar, that the sharp ends all but put his eyes out. He had a pair of specs tied on his black nose with twine. The third had on a cap and coat like those of a

small boy. And all did look as if they were on their way to be hung.

"Then the man made a jig tune on his pipe, and beat the drum with his foot till he was as red as fire in the face, while the dogs kept time with hop, skip, and jump, with one eye on the whip.

"The men and boys were

full of the fun. O dear! how they did clap their hands and laugh! and I, great goose that I was, stood on *my* hind-legs, to try how it felt, and kept near the dogs all day, and saw them dance at least ten times.

"At last, when the sun had set, the man came to an old house, and let him-self in with a key; the dogs went in too,

while I stood out-side on two legs, to try to peep thro' a small crack in the door. Soon there came—oh! such a good smell of hot beef-bones. I felt as if I would give all four of my legs for just one bone.

"I gave the door a push, and found it moved; and then, to make a long tale

short, I went in; for I said to my-self: 'The man may beat me to death, but if I stay here I shall starve to death; so I can but try for a bone.'

"I found my-self in a low, dark room. The walls were black with dirt and smoke. The dogs lay in one part of the room, and the man sat by the fire. On a hook was

a great pot, and from this came such a nice smell, that all the dogs, and I with them, did lick our lips the whole time.

"And now there came in the room an old dame, with a dry, brown face, for all the world like the nut-shell dolls the pie-man's boy used to make.

"'Well, John,' she said, 'have you had a good day?'

"'Yes, Gran-ny; I took a hat full of cents. See here, what a lot of them! But that dog there, he lost me a three cent piece to-day; so he goes with-out his bone.'

"The poor dog with the bow-legs gave a great howl when he heard this; but the

show-man hit him on the nose with his whip, and he slunk off, while the big tears ran in a stream down his face.

"The rest stood on their hind-legs in a row, while the old dame with the nut-shell face took the pot from the fire.

"'Here,' said she to the show-man, 'hold the dish while I pour the stew out.'

"Oh! how it did smoke! and what a fine smell it had! The man got a loaf of bread and two blue plates from the shelf, and a knife and fork for each; and then they went to work to eat as fast as they could, while the dogs and I did look on with all the eyes we had. When the show-man had eat-en all he could,

he took some more meat, cut it up in bits, and said: 'Now, I shall give each dog a bit in turn. Look sharp you! If the wrong dog starts when I call, he gets none at all. Now then, Pete!'

"The dog in the cap made a jump and one snap, and the meat was gone.

"'Now then, Hop!' said

the man; and the dog in the girl's hat got it; and then it was Pete's turn, while poor Bob with the bow-legs, who lost the three cents, kept up a kind of soft howl and a sob, as if his heart would break.

"All this time I did think I must die for want of food, and I made up my mind to

stand on my hind-legs till the show-man gave me some meat too. So I got up and did not fall, while you could count ten, then I ran up to the show-man, and stood on my hind-legs at his side.

"'Why bless me, dame!' he cried, 'where did this dog come from?'

"'Where to be sure,' said

the dame; 'you let him in your-self.'

"'Did I, Gran-ny? Well, that is queer. I did not see him. He seems to know how to stand up—sit down, sir.'

"Down I went like a flash.

"'Get up, sir,' and up I got once more as stiff as a po-ker.

"'Why don't you take him

for one of your set,' said the old dame. 'He must be lost for just see here! his name is on the brass ring round his neck.' Then she put on a pair of old horn specs to spell my name out. 'F-r-i-s-k Frisk; what a nice name! and what a clean, trim chap he is! Why, John, he would be a great help to you, he seems so smart.'

"'So he would,' said the man. 'He would soon learn to dance, and he knows now how to stand up. I can soon teach him more. Here, you, sir! take that!' and he threw me a large bit of meat, which I was glad to get, you may be sure. Then I took the rest of my share in my turn with Pete and Hop, and, O dear!

how nice it was, and how glad I was to get it!

"When we had eat all up, the show-man took off the hats and coats of his dogs, and sent them and me to sleep in a large flat box, that stood at the end of the room. It was full of straw and quite nice.

"Then the man sat down by the fire to smoke his pipe

and have a chat with his old brown nut-shell Gran-ny.

"I was so glad to rest, that I went fast to sleep right off. But, O dear! O dear! the next morn, it was sad as it could be, for I had to learn to dance a jig, and stand on my head, and he beat me so, that I had a fit. I did think he would break each bone I

had, and the more I cried the more he beat me.

"But I had to learn; and in two weeks' time I went out with the rest.

"One day the same man I ran from to-day saw me dance in the street. He was a big show-man, and had dog plays, and was quite rich and great; so he tried to buy me.

I heard him tell *my* man, that the dog who used to play 'Jack, the Run-a-way,' was just dead, and I would make a first-rate Jack in his place.

"So he paid, I don't know how much, and got me, and set me to learn my part. O my dear Dash! my life was one scene of hard blows and hard fare. The poor wee dog

who acts the old dame in the play is worse off than I, for she is so weak, that she can not do her part well; and oh! how he beats her! She has told me more than once that she would be glad to die, and I get quite wild when I think I can not help her. If the bad man would whip me for her, I would be glad to take

it, tho' I get blows all the time for my own share."

"Oh! how sad!" cried Dash, the big tears in his eyes. "What a bad, bad man! How glad I am you have run a-way from him. But what shall we do to hide you?"

"Dear Dash, if you will keep me here for four or five days, I may get some one to

take me, who is as good and kind as Mr. Grey, and then some day I will try to show you how much I feel what you *have* done and *will do* for me."

"Don't speak of it," said Dash. "It is as much of a joy to *do* good as to have good done to one's self. You shall stay here with me, dear

Frisk! and we will wait and see what comes of it."

"O you good old dog! you dear Dash! I will stay in your house all the time. I will be as still as a drum with a hole in it."

"Yes, and I know you will come out all right at last. I tell you what! I heard May and Hal ask their pa-pa to

buy you. O my! they want you so much!"

"Do they? O dear! then I can stay here all the rest of my life." And in his joy he tried to stand on his head; but the roof of the dog-house was too low, and his legs came down on top of Dash's back, and gave him quite a start.

"But," said Dash, "I must

tell you that May and Hal said you were to dance for them."

"O dear! if that is all, I will dance the whole day for a good home."

So the two dogs kept house for a week, and Dash went out and got the bones, while Frisk made the straw beds, and swept the scraps out with

his paws for a broom. Not the tip of his nose did he show in the day-time, but at night he took a run round the lawn to get the twist out of his legs.

The fat old cook in the house said she did not know how Dash could eat so much; for he would beg for bones five or six times a day. She was

a good old soul, and she gave him all the bones she had, and he would lick her hand and wag his tail, and all but speak to thank her.

At last one day, Dash heard Mr. Grey say that the showman had gone a-way. He had tried his best to find Frisk. He said he would give a large sum to get him back;

and all the boys in town went out to hunt the poor dog. But they did not find him, as you and I know.

PART V.

FRISK FINDS A NEW HOME.

ND now, as I shall tell you, one day May and Hal went out on the lawn, when lo! there stood Frisk, first on his hind-legs, and then on his head; then he danced

a jig, and then ran up to lick their hands.

"O my! O look! here is that dear Jack we saw in the play," cried May.

"Yes, so it is! Why, Jack, where *did* you hide all this time?" said Hal, and he gave him a soft pat, and May put her white arms round his neck.

Tears of joy stood in Frisk's eyes, and he ran with May and Hal and Dash up to the house, where their pa-pa and mam-ma were.

You may be sure the two went hard to work to kiss and coax pa-pa to let Jack or Frisk stay. They asked him to look how thin the poor dog was, and how sad it would

be to send him back to the show-man, who would beat him, and may-be kill him, he would be in such a rage.

"O now, dear, pa-pa! do let him live with us!" they cried; "*we* will not beat him, and he may dance or not, as he likes. Come, we will kiss you ten times;" and they both got his face down, and gave

them to him on each cheek at the same time, and made him and mam-ma laugh so, they could not speak a word for quite a while.

Well, the end of all this long tale is, that Mr. Grey wrote to the show-man, and said he had got his dog, Frisk, and he would like to keep him. I do not dare to tell

you how much he said he would give to buy him; but it was such a large sum, that the show-man took it. And now Jack—Frisk, as they call him — and Dash have each a house to live in, but they eat and take their naps in one, for they love to get as close, side by side, as they can. Frisk stands on his hind-legs

and his head, and does his jig dance in great style for May and Hal, and all the boys and girls who come to see them. If *you* want to see him, you must speak quick; for I fear he will soon be so fat, with all the nice bones and kind words he gets, that his hind-legs won't hold him up. But of this you may be quite

sure, that Frisk and Dash will have a good home as long as they live, and when they die of old age, if you don't cry for their sad loss, May and Hal will; for, you know, Dash saved Hal's life; and life is dear to the young when they have no sad times, but joy and fun each day.

And now May, and Hal,